

THE GOAT

“A” “H Q” “B”

ROYAL CANADIAN DRAGOONS

MONTHLY CHRONICLE

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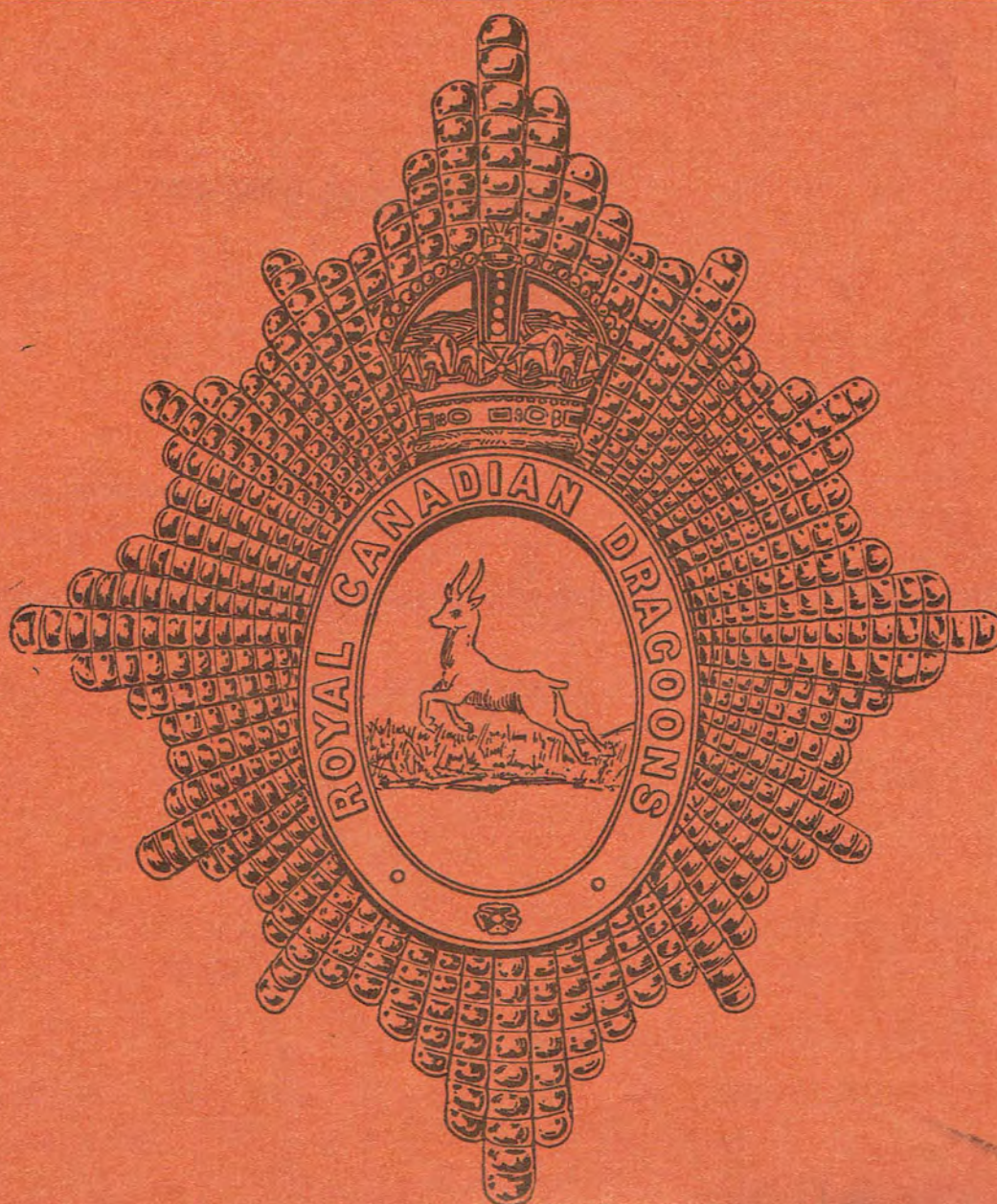
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We are indebted to Mr. B. J. Akerstream for the loan of this photo.

MAJOR NORDHEIMER'S TROOP AT SHREWTON, WILTS, ENGLAND, ABOUT MARCH, 1915.

Standing left to right

Oakes, Foster, Savage, Witworth, Akerstream, Major Nordheimer, Hanson, Highman, Late Sgt. Kelly, Hazel, Lees,

Centre Row

Hubbard, Tamlyn, Samson, Sgt. Fletcher, Atkins, Stonely, Caswell.

Front Row

Hopkins, Solomon, Bailey, Corry, Smith, Wilkinsson, Robinson.

Editor's Notes.

After a month's training in Petawawa the Squadrons have returned to their respective stations. Undoubtedly we are all feeling the better for the month under canvas—still we are not sorry to be back "home" again. The squadron here in St. Johns have still to finish their annual musketry course at Point Aux Trembles but by the end of the month we will have settled down again.

During the musketry course the horses are taken out in the morning and left in the adjoining field during the day. They are brought back to the stables in the evening and bedded down.

We would like to have had more notes about the manoeuvres and sports in this issue. The Staff however has had very little time in which to prepare copy.

The dismounted and Mounted Sports held in Petawawa were very successful and great credit is reflected on the Sports Committee.

Our genial Q.M.S. "Charlie" Hill was much in evidence and "the old firm" did quite a business. "Housie," "Housie," during the evenings came into its own and all over the camp could be heard the chant of "Legs eleven"—"Kelly's eye"—etc., as the caller dipped into the sack.

Major R. Nordheimer, who keeps us posted on the doings of the "Windy City" gives us this month a forecast of the International Polo Matches and the Dempsey Tunney Fight. Being a resident of the city where the fight is to take place "The Goat" staff had almost decided to take advantage of the Major's inside dope by betting on Tunney. However after reading his forecast on the Polo Matches, we decided to put our money in the bank.

The editor was delighted to receive a visit from an old comrade. S.Q.M.S. "Percy Morgan. Mr. and Mrs. Morgan are spending two weeks vacation in St. Johns where Percy is looking up old comrades and old haunts along the famous Richelieu River. Old comrades of Percy's stationed at the Cavalry Barracks hope to have the plea-

sure of seeing him on his vacations here each year.

The editor has received a letter from an old ex-member, Major "Nat" Medhurst, which appears on another page of this issue.

In it Major "Nat" puts forward the suggestion that "The Goat" should give a certain amount of space each month to the publishing of the careers of the "old-timers" of the Regiment, as it would undoubtedly make interesting reading to many old comrades. The same suggestion was offered some time previously by ex-Q.M.S. "Jimmy" Dee, now residing in London, England.

In answer to the above, the staff of "The Goat" will be delighted to publish the careers of any old-timer who will interest himself sufficiently to forward the particulars together with a photograph of himself which will be returned to him when finished with.

I hope that very soon an old-timer will give us the opportunity to act on the above suggestion.

The Editor

Personal & Regimental

Our congratulations to S.M.I., R. J. Brown, S.S.M.I., C. G. Hopkinson and L/Cpl. J. O. Clarke on their recent promotion.

The following transfers took place within the regiment last month: Tprs. Albertson, Donald, Gardner and Gravel from "A" Squadron to "B" Squadron. Tprs. Halperin, Jessamine, Kincaid and Marshall from "B" Squadron to "A" Squadron.

Tpr. A. Lefebvre, having completed his term of engagement on August 12th, departed from the Squadron into civilian life. His address is Coteau Station, Que.

Captain Berteau moved into Barrack Quarters on Sept. 1st.

Major Sawers, M.C., returned from Aldershot, N.S. where, as chief instructor, he conducted the annual training of The King's Canadian Hussars.

Capt. L. D. Hammond is at present attending "B" Wing of the Canadian Small Arms School, Ottawa.

Capt Halkett, R.C.A.M.C. was a visitor at the barracks during the past week.

Bytown Bits.

Take Things Easy:—The mounted branches of the Ottawa garrison are having a quiet time after a strenuous season. Both the cavalry and the gunners have had their share of hard work this summer and are entitled to the rest. Outside of their regular camp training they have had numerous escorts and salutes in connection with the Jubilee celebrations and the visit of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

Camp at Connaught:—The 8th Infantry Brigade were in camp at Connaught Ranges the last week in August and over Labor Day. Colonel Magwood of Cornwall was commanding the brigade. In addition to the Brigade, the G.G.F.G. came in camp for the holiday. The majority of the regiments took part in the Canadian Association competitions. The staff from M. D. No. 3 were also present.

Staff Changes:—All officers in M.D. 3, will regret to lose genial Reggie Brook on his transfer to the east. He is being succeeded by Brig. Gen. F. W. Hill, who whose place is being taken by Lieut. Col. C.R.E. Willits, P.P.C.L.I.

They Gave Ottawa a Treat. I saw three of the lads recently on their way through the city and they all told me various little stories. Jimmy Wood was on his way to show the visitors at Toronto Ex. what a well trained horse ridden by a well trained man can do. That dashing beau sabreur Frank Sawers, accompanied by his watch dog Corky, was on his way to teach the Nova Scotians a few new ones and Laurie Hammond, who seemed lost without Sergt. Murphy, was on his way to the Small Arms School, where Tiny Walker teaches the young idea how to shoot.

Alliance is Approved:—The Princess Louise Dragoon Guards have been notified that His Majesty the King has been pleased to approve of an alliance between that regiment and the 10th Royal Hussars (Prince of Wales' Own). This information was contained in a communication from head-

quarters of Military District No. 3 Kingston.

When in England last year Maj. General J. H. MacBrien, then Chief of General Staff, was approached by Baron Byng of Vimy, and asked if he would name a regiment to be allied with the 10th Hussars, of which unit the late Governor-General is Colonel.

Upon his return to Canada General MacBrien offered the alliance to the Officer Commanding the Princess Louise Dragoon Guards, Lieut.-Col. W. A. Blue. It was thought that the alliance of the two units would be appropriate as the latter unit had been in close touch with General Byng during his stay in Canada. The offer of the alliance was gratefully accepted by the officers of the Dragoons and the present announcement is the result.

The 10th Royal Hussars is one of the crack cavalry regiments of the British Army and the Colonel-in-Chief is His Majesty the King. The Colonel is General Lord Byng of Vimy, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., and the Lieut.-Colonel commanding is Lieut.-Col. Malise Graham, D.S.O., one of the best horsemen in the British Army. The "Shining Tenth" are at Aldershot at present. Their list of battle honors is one of the longest in the cavalry service. Such names as Warburg, Peninsula, Waterloo, Sebastopol, Ali-Masjid, Afghanistan, Egypt, Kimberly, Paardeburg, South Africa, 1899-1902; Ypres 1914-15; Langemark and Ghevaut; Loos, Arras, 1917-18; Scarpe 1917; Somme 1918; St. Quentin, Avre, Amiens, Drocourt-Queant, Hindenburg line, Bourevoir, Cambrai, 1918, and the pursuit to Mons appears on the colours.

The custom of an alliance between regiment of the British Army and units in the Colonies was instituted some years ago, and is one that is highly prized by regiments of the Canadian Service.

The members of the Princess Louise Dragoon Guards feel highly honored that the present alliance with a unit possessing such a glorious past should have been authorized. The association of the regiment with General Byng is also prized very highly. During his term in Canada the late Governor General always took a great interest in the P.L.D.G. more es-



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pedially from the fact that the regiment supplied numberless escorts to him on his official duties in connection with the opening and prorogation of Parliament. A good many of the officers of the regiment were under his command in the late war and it was felt when the alliance was offered that it would be a means of keeping in touch with one who was so well loved by soldiers in Canada. Colonel Graham recently won high

honors in the recent Olympia at London.

The Princess Louise Dragoon Guards are the second oldest cavalry regiment in Canada and were organized in 1872. The Honorary Colonel is Her Royal Highness The Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, and the Honorary Lt Colonel is Lt.-Col. R. M. Courtney, V.D. The present commanding officer is Lt.-Col. W. A. Blue, V.D.

CHICAGO NOTES.

"INDIAN HILL RIDING CLUB"

The Indian Hill Riding Club, situated at Kenilworth, Ill., is what may be termed an ideal spot for equestrians. The Club is run in conjunction with the Indian Hill Golf Club, and is within the Golf Club grounds. The membership, comprising about 125 of Chicago's wealthiest men, is limited to members of the Indian Hill Golf Club and therefore, has the advantage of unlimited financial backing.

The stables comprise two buildings, fitted with box and tie stalls, cement floors and modern equipment. An addition is now in course of construction, which will embody an office, store room, wash room, furnace room, coal bin and forge. A paddock with cinder track and jumping facilities, adjoins the stables, while immediately to the west and North, Bridle paths wind in all directions to the Forest Preserves. A drag hunt is run in connection with the Club and jumps are built over a large area of good ground.

At present there are 40 horses in the stables of which ten are the property of the Club, the remainder being privately owned hunters and saddle horses. One of the big advantages of the Club, is the fact that there are other means of recreation close at hand. A man may enjoyed a good ride, have lunch and play Golf or tennis without having to leave the Club grounds. With golf as popular as it is, this is a great advantage and is proved by the enthusiasm displayed by the members for early morning rides. Children form a large part of the clientele and individual instruction is provided for them every day. A Junior Horse Show is held in the Spring and these embryo horsemen, take keen delight in displaying their prowess to their admiring parents.

The Indian Hill Golf Club grounds are situated on Indian

Hill Road, a circular drive on which spacious and costly homes are built. A few years ago several keen Golf enthusiasts purchased this tract of land and commenced to organize the present Golf Club. The Course was laid out in such a manner as to leave nicely wooded lots available for private homes and these were eagerly bought by those who had an eye for the future development of the North Shore. Today, what was purchased for a few hundred dollars an acre, is entirely built up, the last vacant property changing hands a short time ago at \$35,000.00 an acre. The Club is run for the encouragement of riding and every effort is made to provide every facility for its members. Those who do not relish being confined to the bridle paths in the city parks can enjoy cross country riding in an unlimited area within 40 miles of the heart of the city.

THE INTERNATIONAL POLO MATCHES.

As the day draws near for the first of the test matches for the International Cup, speculation grows rife as to the probable outcome. Wet weather has hampered the preparation of both teams but has been particularly to the disadvantage of the British Army in India Four, whose selection was made on the assumption that the hard fast polo fields of Meadowbrook would be better suited to their style of play than to those who had been accustomed to the slower fields of England.

Lack of opportunity to perfect team play, without which, no team however brilliant may be its composition, can hope to achieve success, has sadly hampered the British Four. That familiarity with one another's play is essential, was seen by the recent change in the original American line up and the selection of last years 'Big-Four'

comprising of Milburn, Stevenson, Hitchcock and Webb. The Selection committee of the British Army in Indian Team, has very wisely stuck to their original combination and from reports to hand, the team work has considerably improved over any shown by former challengers since the successful invasion of 1914. In that year, it will be remembered, Tompkinson, Barrett, Cheape and Lockett, given little chance of success by the experts, won a decisive victory through perfect co-ordination of effort, over a defending team altered at the last minute by the inclusion of a strange member, Renee Le Montagne.

The writer gave his opinion at that time, that provided the ponies proved equal to the American mounts, the British team would win and this year is of the same mind.

I think that the games will be the best fought matches in many years and it would be no great surprise to see the Cup once more across the "Herring Pond."

THE DEMPSEY-TUNNEY FIGHT

Chicago, the battle ground of the Heavyweight World's Championship battle between Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney on Sept. 22nd, is seething with excitement. That a record attendance will view the contest, is a foregone conclusion and gate receipts will undoubtedly near the \$3,000,000.00 mark. Under the contract with Tex Rickard, Tunney will receive a million dollars or more for his share, not a bad remuneration for approximately 30 minutes work.

Both fighters are at their training camps. Dempsey at Lincoln Fields and Tunney at Forest Villa and final preparations are well under way. Chicago, and indeed the west as a whole is intensely loyal to Dempsey, while the East favours the Champion. Every thing is being done to keep the challenger in the public eye and novelty of a sensational "come back" is being used to stimulate interest and keep the odds fairly even. Prize Fights, like horse races are uncertain means of betting but I can see nothing to warrant the confidence of Dempsey's backers. Going over his record, one finds that his opponents have always been the slow slugging kind of fighters, who had one style of fighting and fought toe to toe with Dempsey. The only boxer of skill encountered by Dempsey, outside of Carpentier, who was much

too light and whose European experience was ill-fitted for the in-fighting methods of the United States, was Gibbons.

The result of this fight was, that Gibbons stayed the 15 rounds and try as he might Dempsey could not land a knockout punch.

One reads occasionally that Tunney plans to discard his usual style and endeavor to out-slug Dempsey. This can be discounted for what it is worth. Tunney is a clever scientific boxer whose style is suited to win on points and I do not believe that he is likely to change this style to suit the public clamour. Should Dempsey weaken after six or seven rounds, as he undoubtedly will if Tunney peppers him, with straight left as he did in their first fight, it is conceivable that the Champion may go after a knock-out but he will be pretty certain of himself before he does.

With the Championship at stake and the horizon clear of possible danger, Tunney will not risk the large revenues from various sources by taking any unnecessary chances and he probably realizes as well as anyone, that old as he is, Dempsey still possesses a punch which, if landed on a vital spot, will end the championship.

Tunney is not a popular champion on account of his reserve and it was on the cards that Dempsey ever a colourful figure, should be selected to battle him once more before the largest crowd that ever attended a fight. Had Dempsey lost to Sharkey, he would have gone into the discard forever and a Sharkey-Tunney Match would hardly have drawn enough people to pay expenses. Therefore, Rickard and the prize-fight ring staged the now well featured "come back" of the ex-champion and how far the "come back" will go, will be seen on Sept. 22nd at Soldier's Field, Chicago, two weeks from now. As I said before a lucky punch may cause an upset but I would sooner have my money on Tunney at 1-2 than on Dempsey at 2-1.

Major R. Nordheimer

Philippe Mailloux
Milkman
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Old Comrades Association Picnic and Sports

The annual Picnic of the Royal Canadian Dragoons Old Comrades Association was scheduled to take place on Saturday, July 23rd, but unfortunately for the best laid plans of the various committees and the weather forecasting bureau, "clearing and cool," Saturday, was ushered in with a regular downpour, with no signs of letting up. The situation looked so bad that Mr. Steer was telephoned to hold up the advance, and as far as the Niagara party was concerned, the attack was considered off.

Saturday's downpour may have been responsible for many a disappointment and many hampers may have been unpacked and the contents eaten under the home roof. Not so, however, with the R.C.D. Old Comrades. They, being possessed of that bold offensive spirit which springs from a National determination to conquer, refused to be beaten and as early as 10.00 a.m. Charlie Meeker arrived with some of the advanced scouts, and a supply of "all day suckers" for the kiddies (and grown ups, as well.) But it was around midday when the grand attack was launched, and the leading wave, led by Pete Merrix and Staff, charged the Camp. As the ex-Dragos. came pouring in the situation became desperate, as, owing to the bad

weather, no final arrangements had been made for refreshments in the open. However the staffs of the various messes stepped into the gap, and the line held, and it was decided to go right ahead with the good work of the afternoon.

As at all Old Comrade Meetings greetings were freely exchanged, but the most pleasing fact was that such a large number of the Old Comrades had brought their families with them, and such remarks as "Come over here and meet the wife" "These are the kids," etc. were heard all afternoon.

In spite of a muddy track the afternoon programme of sports was carried out, and in every event the entries were exceptionally large, the Old Comrades joining in each and every event, so that in several cases two and three heats had to be run off. The events for the ladies and children were well filled and there was no coaxing necessary to induce them to come forward and line up, which proves that Drags have all passed that spirit of sportsmanship on to their families.

Perhaps the best event of the afternoon was the race for men over forty, in which one yard handicap was allowed for each year over forty. This race had over twenty starters, and included such old time "Kings of the track"

as Mr. Harman, Major Medhurst, Gill "Silver" White S M. Copeland, Maj. Bowie. "Nobby" Clark. Mr. Churchward and Tom Page.

The results of the events were as follows:

Boys Race 11 to 15 years. 1st Douglas Walters; 2nd Byron Cumberland.

Ladies Race, 1st Miss Olive Walton; 2nd Miss Julie Siggins.

Sack Race. 1st Mr. Hinchcliffe; 2nd Tpr. Homerston; 3rd Sgt. Buell.

Threading the Needle, 1st Mr. Stanton and Tpr. Gill; 2nd Mr. and Mrs. Sutherland.

Three Legged Race 1st Cpl. Galloway and Tpr. Homerston; 2nd Tpr. Hayes and L/Cpl. Stafford.

Wheelbarrow Race. 1st Tpr. Webb. 2nd Tpr. Nesbitt W.

Race for men over 40 years, 1st Mr. Harmon; 2nd Mr. White; 3rd Mr. Clark.

Childrens Race. 1st Gladys Johnston; 2nd Caroline Siggins; 3rd Irene Madden.

Kicking the football (ladies) 1st Mrs. Major; 2nd Mrs. Sutherland.

100 yds. dash (serving members) 1st Tpr. Homerston; 2nd Cpl. Galloway; 3rd Sgt. Buell.

100 yds. dash (Old Comrades), 1st Mr. Hinchcliffe; 2nd Mr. John-

son; 3rd Mr. Devlin.

Girls Race 7 to 11 years, 1st Jean Stakes; 2nd Beatrice Norman.

Boys Race 7 to 11 years. 1st Ernest Chapman. 2nd Byron Cumberland.

Girls Race 11 to 15 years. 1st Estehr Chapman; 2nd Isobel Rowbbtham.

Time Guessing Competition, 1st Mrs. Copeland, 2nd Mrs. Ackerman.

Hop Step and Jump. 1st Tpr. Hayes; 2nd Cpl. Galloway; 3rd L/Cpl. Stafford.

Relay Race, 1st Sgt. Buell, Tprs. Homerston and Harrison.

Tug of War, Old Comrades vs. Serving Members won by serving Members

The prizes were presented by Mrs. D. B. Bowie.

The following Old Comrades and their families were amongst those present: Major and Mrs. Medhurst; Ex.R.Q.M.S. and Mrs. Baldwin; Big. Gen. Nelles, C.M.G.; Lt. Colonel and Mrs. Rhoades and daughters; Pete and Mrs. Merrix accompanied by Mr. Steve Carr, of the 10th Bn't Dragoons, Mr. Dunbar; Mr. Davidson; Mr. and Mrs. Sutherland; Mr. and Mrs. Gasey; Mr. Meeker; Mr. Norman; Mrs. Walton and family;

Letters to the Editor.

Dear Sir:

I am very pleased to hear you are publishing the photo of Maj. Nordheimer's troop. I am sure it will bring back many memories of bygone days spent in the farm house at the rear of the troop.

What wonderful spirits haunted the old d'lar!—spirits that made some try to swim the river and also made it difficult for others to walk the plank across the stream that separated the house from the village of Shrewton.

We may have better times now, but not better spirits.

I frequently have the pleasure of doing a little missionary work for "The Goat" by extolling its merits to ex-members of the regiment. It is always a pleasure to say a good word for our paper.

I hope some of the old boys will break into print again soon. The letters that do appear are eagerly

read judging by the readers I meet.

Thanking you, etc.

Sincerely;

B. J. Akerstream.

Dear Sir:

Well, I'm awake for a few minutes, so I thought I'd drop a line to the Old Goat and also to the old gang in Second Troop.

Am working hard (to keep awake) over here in the U.S.A.

As I can't understand why people read such trash as "The Goat" prints, I am sending along \$1.00 to renew my subscription.

With best of luck to "The Goat" and the old squadron, I am

Yours, etc.

H. C. MEADE.

P.S. I suppose J. C. Fraser has left the Squadron and that he took his "silver dollar" with him. H.C.M.

Note: Meade is evidently still doing his Rip Van Winkle stuff. I'm surprised at you Cyril!

Tpr. Patterson; Ex-Sgts. Mathews and Fabbe; Mr. Devlin and Mr. Proctor late of the Royal; Mr. and Mrs. Harman; Mr. Johnson; Mr. Hinchcliffe and Mr. "Silver" White who stayed in camp over the week-end.

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CROSSING THE LINE.

By T. N.

(In the Household Brigade Magazine)

During the weeks before I started for New Zealand in H.M.S. Renown, many of my so-called friends informed me, with ill-concealed satisfaction that certain ceremonies were enacted when one of His Majesty's ships "crossed the line;" a fact of which I was fully aware and was doing my best to forget. They further opined that, as I was one of the brutal and licentious soldiery, the sailors would see to it that I "got it in the neck."

As the Great Day approached I tried to ingratiate myself with those who were taking the chief parts. I pretended I was looking forward to it immensely, and that there was no sport I enjoyed more than being ducked in a bath. I fear few believed me. Anyhow, the naval officer responsible for organizing these fiendish rites used to point, after each secret meeting over which he presided, that some new piece of frightfulness had been invented for my special benefit! On the evening before we crossed. My condition was bordering on the hysterical.

After dinner that night we all assembled on the foc'sle. It was a glorious night and the setting was wonderful. The whole foc'sle was crowded with sailors; guns, turrets, deck, everything was alive with them. Suddenly we heard the voice of the officer of the watch, "Line right ahead, sir." The Captain stepped forward and asked what it was; a voice, apparently from the sea, announced that he was the Herald of His Marine Majesty King Neptune and that he wished to come on board.

The Captain gave orders for the ship to be stopped, and the Herald in gorgeous raiment appeared accompanied by about a dozen growling bears. The Captain then asked leave to enter King Neptune's Equatorial Domains. Permission was granted, and after some colloquy the Herald gave notice that King Neptune would hold a Court on board at 9 a.m. the following morning, when all novices would be initiated into the mystic rites. He then bade us all good-night and withdrew.

Next morning, punctually at nine o'clock, everyone was present on the quarter-deck. It was baking hot, and most of us were clad in somewhat sketchy garments. Soon we heard a fanfare of trumpets and King Neptune and his

Consort, Queen Amphritite, approached. They were preceded by a procession which consisted of police, bears, doctors, doctors' assistants, judges, judges' clerks, the Herald and the Secretary. They wore their robes of office and marched solemnly on to a dais erected on the quarter-deck. King Neptune then bestowed certain orders and decorations on those lucky enough to have crossed the line before. The procession reformed and we all repaired to the foc'sle, where a platform and two large sail baths had been rigged.

The rites then started. The bears threw off their skins and revealed themselves as some particularly brawny members of the ward-room and gun-room. They leapt into the baths and got ready to receive those poor wretches to be thrown to them.

The first victim was the Captain, to my secret satisfaction, as I felt he might draw some of the attention off me. He is a tough fellow, and more than one "bear" was gasping for breath before he was finally got under.

At last my turn came. I was led shivering on to the platform and placed in a chair on the water's edge, my face was lathered and then scraped with a large wooden razor. I smiled at the bears as if I were thoroughly entering into the spirit of the thing, when suddenly some fool tipped up my chair.

Now I am not really a good diver. If compelled to bathe, my favourite method of entering the water is the "rat's header," taken from the second step below water, first bending well over in the attitude of a Bedouin at prayer; and I have never yet been able to keep my mouth shut or my eyes open under water. I, therefore, swallowed a good deal at the first submersion. On coming to the surface I was ruthlessly seized by about a million people and ducked and ducked again. Just as I was about to drown I was loosed and found myself exhausted but unhurt, on the far side of the bath, where I paused awhile to watch the others.

And so I crossed the line and found it was not so very frightful after all. In fact, it was the greatest fun, and a part from that feeling of nervousness before the event that one experiences before a point

to point, I enjoyed every minute of it.

The whole thing was marvellously organized. The chief parts were taken by warrant officers and petty officers. Many of them had long speeches to learn, and although they never had a rehearsal, there was no mistake of any kind. Between 9.30 a.m. and 1 p.m. over 1,200 men were put through the baths and some were put through twice. Finally, all the performers were seized by their late victims and themselves thrown in.

We were each given a certificate which will always be one of my most treasured possessions. But I believe that if ever I have the luck to cross the line again in one of His Majesty's ships, I should claim no exemption from the Mystic Rites of Neptune, by the grace of Mythology, Lord of the Seven Seas, King of all Oceans, Governor of the Deep and Lord High Admiral of the Bath.

Combined Manoeuvres at Petawawa.

The Permanent Force camped at Petawawa took part in a four day manoeuvre during the latter part of August. The first day the troops representing the side on which were the R.C.D. moved to a place some ten miles south of Petawawa village and after some outpost work and scouting, went into bivouack for the night. Fortunately the weather was fine and every one appeared to have a pleasant time. Early next morning the cavalry moved off forming a protective screen and within half an hour they came in contact with the enemy. A battle waged for several hours and it was not until after noon that the advanced cavalry were able to get across the Petawawa River and to seize the high ground on the north side. The Infantry soon came up and took over this ground and consolidated it. Later in the afternoon the Cavalry were withdrawn for the night and they went into billets.

Next morning they were off at an early hour and fought a rear guard action.

This day, the third, was not a very exciting one for the cavalry, as most of their work was of a mounted infantry type. On the fourth and last day, however, they came into their own. At the hour of 9 they were in a position North of Tucker's Creek and had orders to push South and drive the enemy back. "A" squadron R.C.D. with one section R.C.H.A. were ordered

to make a wide turning movement and get in behind the enemy's left flank. They had to cross almost impossible country—far worse than the Passchendaele bogs of 1917, and which was so heavily wooded that the cavalry had to wait half an hour at one place for the guns to catch up. It is not known how the guns did get through some of the country. This force got right around the enemy and the whole squadron charged in line right into their position, just after the guns had opened a flank fire from a decisive range. This was the beginning of the end of the four days battle. Cease fire was sounded very soon afterwards.

C. Squadron was in general reserve to the charging squadron and came up and did some useful mopping up work. B Squadron and the M.G. Squadron acted as a covering screen to the main body as it advanced southwards. Their action was very successful in spite of the difficulty of finding cover, especially from the air.

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Toronto Notes.

We are pleased to state that Major D. B. Bowie, D.S.O., who got such a bad shaking up when his horse fell in the Creelman Cup Race at Petawawa has now completely recovered.

R. S. M. Churchward M.M., who when his horse fell in the N.C.O.'s Steeplechase at Petawawa, had his arm broken in two places, is now in Christie Street Hospital, but is doing as well as can be expected.

Our casualty list was also increased by Capt S. Bates, who had the misfortune to break his collar bone whilst jumping at the Ottawa Exhibition. Reports state that he is doing well, and hopes to return to light duty by the end of the month.

Major E. L. Caldwell, R.C.D., who for the past five years has been D.A.A., & Q.M.G., M.D. No. 10, Winnipeg, arrived in Toronto on Sept. 1st and assumed command of "B" Squadron R.C.D. He was accompanied by Mrs. Caldwell and Masters Kenneth and Dick Caldwell. The Caldwells are now living on Dunn Ave. and all ranks at Stanley Barracks welcome them to the Station.

We have not yet offered our congratulations to Farrier Sergeant Sturgess upon his promotion to the rank of Staff Sergeant Farrier, and we now hasten to do so.

Captain and Mrs. T. A. James are spending a month's holiday occupying a cottage at Petawawa Point, Major and Mrs. H. Stethem who are also on a holiday spent a week at Petawawa with Capt. and Mrs. James, and are spending the balance of their month at Kingston, and Major Baty, who is also on leave is spending it at Niagara on the Lake where his family are still living under canvas.

Lieut. Gillespie is attending the new "C" Wing (gas and smoke) at the Canadian Small Arms School, Connaught Ranges, Ottawa.

Lieut. Duckett, R.A.S.C. who is in Canada on two years exchange spent a week at Stanley Barracks, whilst he was attached to Headquarters M.D. No. 2.

Lt.-Col. The Rev. Archdeacon, F. G. Scott, C.M.D., D.S.O., from Quebec, was in Toronto for the Exhibition, and stated that he could not possibly pass by the Barracks without dropping in to say Hello. Needless to say he was a most welcome guest, and remained for luncheon in the Officers Mess.

Brig. Gen. C. M. Nelles, C.M.G.,

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I'm sick of the Mongol and Tartar,
I'm sick of the Jap and Malay
And far away spots on the chart
are
No place for yours truly to stay.
I've had enough undersized chick-
en,
And milk that comes out of a
can,
The East is no region to stick in
For this one particular man.

I'm weary of curry and rice, all
Commingled with highly-spiced
dope.
I'm weary of bathing in Iysol
And washing with carbolic soap
I'm tired of itch, skin diseases.
Mosquitos vermin and flies.
I'm fed up with tropical breezes
And sunshine that dazzles my
eyes.

Niagara on the Lake who was in
Toronto for the Exhibition, was a
frequent visitor at Stanley Barracks
during his stay in the city.

Mr. Hugh Joseph, of Montreal,
spent several days at Barracks, the
guest of Capt. Home, M.C., the
R.C.R.

Oh, Lord, for a wind with a tingle
And atmosphere restful and keen
Oh, Lord, once again just to min-
gle
With crowds that are white
folks and clean.
To eat without fear of infection,
To sleep without using a net
And throw away all my collect-
ion
Of iodine, quinine, et cetera.
To know all the noise and the cla-
mour,
The hurry and fret of the West,
I'd trade all the Orient's glamour.
That damned lying poets sug-
gest,
They sing of the East as enthrall-
ing,
(That's why I started to roam!)
But I hear the Occident calling.
Oh, Lord, I want to go home!!!!

Mrs. Celine Cameron, of St. Johns
P.Q., spent a weekend in Barracks
the guest of Mrs. D.B. Bowie.

Sally: "Is it true that sailors
have a sweetheart in every port?"
Sailor: "No! we don't land at
every port."

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Johns, P.Q.

Yankle writes to Papa

St. John's Quembek
September der 19th. 1927

Mine Deer und Beloveded Papa,

Just look wot yoor son went und didit I vent und became a soldjer dot iz I am in the Army, so Papa pleez gib me a exkusings, but I did not vant to bekom a Junk Dealer, so dot iz vy I became a soldjer.

Now mine papa. I ham going to gib you a good explanations how I vaz gotaken in the soldjers.

First mine deer papa, I looked in the papers but kood see no advertizment, so den I goes looking for a soldjer, and I seen one koming out of a big saloon, so I vent up to him, and esked him "Meester I vants to be a soldjer, how cood I be one, take a looke at me, vot else does an army need," and he gibbs me a look, and Oi mine papa such a look, mine hair begen to stand up in mine head. Then he sez com mit me. und so mit him I vent.

He took me to a place which looked like a office, but it hed a syne ORDERLY ROOM, a soldjer kame up, and such a soldjer he vas too, beleive me papa mine knees begen to knock, und he sed mit a voice. Oi papa vot a voice, even Mr. Pinsky cant yell so loud "Vot the ding busted piede of ham are you anyways, so I sez meester I don't eet ham, but I'll order a kup of koffee meet a little shugar please, he den gibbs annoder shout, und oi vot a shout, all the vindow in the building kraked, and shouted "DIS IS NO RESTAURANT," Oi I sed, I'm sorry, I tot dis vas a room you order somtings, for it is marked Orderly Room." He den gibbs a laff und he opened iz mout so wide you kood put a hole loaf ob bread in it, und tell me to sit down.

Den he begins to esk questions, and papa such questions he esked, efen Lawyer Poopkovitch does not efen esk so much. First he esks me mine name, und I told heem, den he esks mine krishtyin name und I sezz I hev no Krishtyin name bekus I am Jewish, und den he lets out a nodder one of dose big yells, beleive me papa, I tot dot dere waz a earthquake outside "VOT IZ YOOR FIRST NAME?" he yells. Oh I sed "You vant mine first name, vell it iz Yankle Shemndrick Shmeelyankle" Papa det soldjer hed a fit, iz eyes begen to tun all over is hed, and he be gen to dence around und he also began to pray.

Den he esked me if I vas married. I sed "no" den he esked me

how meny children I hev, such a foolish question, how kood I hev children ven I'm not married I esk you papa, und efter esking me about 4 or 5000 questions, he called annoder soldjer, und told him to take me to the horspirtil." Meester I am not seek, I told heem but he only told the odder soldjer to greb me und take me over to the horspirtil. I'll remember det as long as I liv Papa, my heart seemed to vant to pump out of my Kidneys, oi I was so frytend.

After I got in der horspirtil, I was told to go in a room, und to take mine clothes off, iz dees a sistem papa? I esk you. So into der room I vent, I vaz ashamed beleive me I was, so I started taking off mine clothes, everything vent fine until I hed to take mine shoes off, und you ought too seen the doctor rqn und open der vindow, I nefer seen a man run so fast in all my life papa.

The first ting he esked me vas, "Ven did you take a bath last," such a personal question he esked me, beleive me he should shame himself. Den he took a funny ting that looked like earphques of a radio, and he put it to mine chest. I laughed, "Meester I am not a radio." I said All he tells me is to shut up and breathe in and can I did it ven he told me to keep mine mouth shut, "Iz dees a sistem I esk you papa?"

Den he makes me step on one foots, and den on annoder papa I tink det man is krazy, den he makes me sit down on one leg den on the odter, ten he makes me riggle mine fingers, so I tinks he vants me to dande like Salome, so I starts to dence, und he gibbs me a look I could almost of died, und he sez "are you Krazy? Und I "no" how could such a smart man like me be krazy, I esk you papa? Den he looks at my teet, und weighs me, ond den stends me away und covers one eye, und tells me to reed, being edumaketed I red everyting und den I esk im. "Meester is det

"P" a "P" or is it not a "P?" und he sed its a "W."

Vell papa efter he was finished mit me, I esked him how much mine bill iz, und he sed Nottings, Papa its cheap I tell you, all for nottings, just tipk.

Den he told me to put mine clothes on, und he gifs some papers to a soldjer, und he takes me beek to the office, und gifs mine papers to the soldjer mit the big mouth. He den told me to vait a minit, und he vent into a nodder room, und came out und tolds me to go in the little room, so I vents in.

In der little room vas a nodder soldjer, who wore his braces on top of his coat, und the only seem to hold one side of his coat up, und he wore a belt too, maybe his pents hev no bottons, papa? Und he takes a bible papa, und tolds me to hold it in mine hands, so I takes it und poots it in my poket, und he yells at me, und sez "Keep det bible in your hends." Oi, I sez, "Please exkuse me I tot you gave it to me." Und he told me to say after him, papa. I don't remember vat it vas, but he sed i must serve the King but I told heem I am not a waiter, und he gifs me a look oi papa vot a look I almost swalloed mine tong. Und den he tolds me to kiss der bible and den he sent me out, und annoder soldjer took me to a room, mit a lots of beds in it, und tells met make mine self at home.

Vell papa you must exkuse me, ez I must go und hev mine dinner und dey told me it vas for notting, so ham going over right away to eat, so plees, giv mine love to Bekki und to Rachel, und to meester Shmenderberg's nice looking daughter mine kisses, but don't kiss her on the mouth, but on the cheek, so good bye mine papa until tomorrow.

Your Lofing Son

YANKLE

P.S. Please papa send me 25 cents, as I vant to bup me an ice-Cream.



R.C.D. Tent Lines, Petawawa Camp.

The Royal Tournament, 1927

By C.-of-H. R. J. T. Hills.

In the Household Brigade Magazine.

In this year's Royal Tournament Scotland reached the zenith of her power.

Since the death of Queen Elizabeth he has sent us kings and statesmen and has shared with Ireland the command of our forces; she has framed and administered our laws, regulated our high finance. Here at Olympia she has drawn all London and half the provinces by the glory of her name—and handed over what will surely prove to be a record sum to the Service charities.

One of the pet self-illusions of the Southron is that the music of the pipes drives him to distraction; but not a Saxon of us all could fail to be stirred by the massed pipe bands of the Scottish regiments. There was the triumph of generations of warriors in their skirling, a tugging at the heart-strings (if one may be pardoned the cliché) which would not be denied.

"To the uninitiated" stated the programme, "a Piobaireachd may seem rather a dull and monotonous performance, but to the Highlander it tells its story of gory battle, or perhaps of sweet repose 'midst purple heather hills beside a Highland burn." "Gory battle"—granted; but to the man who could indulge in "sweet repose 'midst purple heather" with "a hundred pipers an' a'" at play around him must be awarded the palm.

In the Killecrankie episode of the pageant one blushed for England General MacKay and his followers put up a fight which could only be compared with the effort of the average heavy-weight in the presence of Dempsey. Maybe their soldierly souls were abashed by the unshaven appearance of the rugged Scots. Graham of Claverhouse, who died in so masterly a fashion directly opposite the Royal box, was, I understand played by a sergeant of the P.T. Staff. This was reflected in the reverent way in which his corpse was borne from the arena. One could almost hear Bearer No. 2 whispering to his mate: "Steady the noo, Geordie. Get his feet lower, mon. He'll be having a roosh o' bluid ta's heid, an' us for jerricks i' th' mornn." The remainder of the casualties were evidently persons of little or no consequence, and were most properly slung into a farm cart.

It will be no secret to most readers of this magazine that many of the gallant Scots at Olympia were drawn from the ranks (Gaelic or otherwise) of the Brigade of Guards. Their selection and training must have been a job of some magnitude. There would be, for instance, a preliminary sorting out of candidates by an inspection of knees. Those showing signs of capped hock, spavins, or even "air wear and tear, would either be cast altogether or else relegated to the ranks of the trousered contingents. The language, too, doubtless caused some difficulty. One can imagine the valiant Drill-Sgt. Dobson attempting to drive into his charges a respectable Gaelic accent. "Altogether, now—Curse the Sassenach!" Roll your R's more, left-hand man rear rank."

The remainder of the Tournament was level all through with the final glory of the Pageant. The Air Force Display was well up to the standard of their previous performances, the Inter-Port Competition created its usual excitement, and the Display of Drill by the Royal Marines proved that "His Majesty's Jollies" are now, as ever without superior on land or sea. By far the most thrilling display of recent years was the Rope Climbing of the Royal Navy. It is saying much to state it even surpassed the Navy's own show of some year back.

The mounted events become yearly more imposing—and more popular. The petrol element was this year entirely lacking and the mounted arm occupied a larger share of the programme than ever before.

The Ride of the 11th Hussars (P.A.O.) sounded a novel note. Apart from the horsemanship, especial praise is due to the care and attention to detail that had been lavished on the historical uniform in which the ride was carried out. One's sense of fitness is so often jarred on such occasions, especially where mounted men are concerned. Some too obviously modern piece of saddlery, a tawdry, inaccurate saddlecloth, strikes a fatally discordant note. The 11th avoided all these pitfalls. Nothing brings home more vividly the continuity of our history, or the short spaces that divide us from the men of Marlborough or Wellington, than the appearance of the soldiers of to-day in the garb of their prede-

cessors.

As to the trick-riding of the 16/5th Lancers, one is quite safe in saying that rarely has it been equalled, never surpassed, on the tan of Olympia. When thinking of the world's finest riders, it is a common habit to turn to the Cossacks, the Cowboys, foreign teams that compete in our Horse Shows. One might do well to remember that such people in England are represented only by their best—men picked out among thousands. It is well for the Cavalry of Britain that twenty men can be taken from a perfectly normal regiment, mounted on troop horses bought from farmers, to put up such a brilliant show.

The vaulting display of the Royals was on more familiar lines, but nevertheless perfection. To the cavalryman, with his knowledge of troop horses in bulk, perhaps the most amusing was the performance of the six horses that were ridden bridgless and barebacked, round the arena and over the sticks, moving to the word of the instructor. Their knowing, prowling entrance into the arena, the devilish twitch of the ears that acknowledged each word of command, was worth travelling very far to see.

Five of the six were greys, lean,

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wiry little rascals of fourteen hands or so. It was with surprise, therefore, that I heard behind me a feminine voice remark: "Why, look, there's old Joe. That's him, third from the front. An' the King promised he shouldn't come any more." And the noble Joseph, sleek and fat in his Windsor stall, was doubtless nibbling at his hay and promising himself another quiet jog round the school in the morning.

Not the least noteworthy feature of the Tournament each year is the helpful attitude of the attendants, be they Naval, Military or Air Force. One gallant corporal of the Blue Birds had learned his lines well. "Everyone will observe a complete view of the show," he announced in showman-like voice. "Every portion of the performance is duplicated." A pause and a further ushering in of seat holders. "The salute is being taken to-night by Sir Augustus Cook, Prime Minister of Australia." Then, during a mounted display, "The cavalryman's best friend is his horse. Every man is trained not to have any grub until he's fed his horse." Then in final triumph, "Just like Derby winners, they are. Guarded night and day."

Soldiering.

(By F. W. Powell.)

(Continued)

With the coming of the C.M.R.'s. was the rumour that we were shortly to leave the Brigade. We were to carry on the game as Cavalry. Do not think this prospect was very alluring but it would be a change anyway. We were getting rather fed-up with the monotony of trench life. All this was rumour. Nothing definite.

Christmas was very close and the weather particularly vile. It seemed that the rain would go on forever. The trenches, were in an appalling condition and all of us suffered. Wet and cold. Nothing worse than, perhaps, the realization that one must continue so until relieved. Thrice lucky those who got away on leave. Locomotion was slow and difficult through the squelching mud. Now we could find use for all the socks that ever were knitted, but they were not so plentiful as formerly. The possession of a dry pair of socks made a man rich above his fellows. Rubber waders were issued but fell down on the job. No doubt some were perfect but none ever came my way. Always seemed to leak somewhere and more a hindrance than a help.

Fuel was a vital problem these days. In all this wet it was exceedingly difficult to get dry wood. Nothing like a few gallons of hot tea to buck a fellow up, but when the wood is wet and the water won't boil, then was indeed Hell.

As a natural result of these unhealthy conditions a new disease came amongst us. Trench Feet, a sort of glorified chilblains. The feet would swell up in a most painful manner putting the victim completely out of action. To minimize this danger all were required to anoint their feet with whale-oil and it was the duty of the orderly officer of the day to lay his hands upon the cold, dirty feet, to see, feel rather, that the commands had been obeyed. Nice for him and pleasant for those such as myself who were ticklish. We were supposed also, to always have a spare pair of dry socks in one pack. This was impossible and much was the strafing in consequence.

Next to appear was Trench Fever moving many to that Mecca of all wet, miserable soldiers, the hospital. Never made the grade myself but it was not from lack of

trying. Then came Scabies. With this a man got away from the regiment for about two months. This became quite a popular disease. My side-kick contracted it. I wanted it, too. Again nothing doing. Even went the length of performing a sort of blood transfusion operation. Absolutely out of luck. Throughout the war I never as much as saw the inside of a hospital.

These were the days when one appreciated the ration of rum. About the most pleasant of all medicines, for of course, it was taken always in this capacity. I remember that some of those saintly old dears back in Ontario were tremendously concerned over this practice, condemning it vigorously and strongly advocating the disuse of this revolting habit. How ardently did we wish it were possible to shove 'em in a front line trench during the winter. These patriotic souls who, safe in Canada, hated the enemy with a deadly hate and at the same time did all possible to make things less bearable for their soldiers. "Just think, my dear, giving, actually giving that there vile rum to our innocent boys .. damnable I calls it .. simply damnable .. didn't oughter be allowed .. giving rum to our dear boys .. it's simply awful and I shall write to the paper about it .. rum indeed .. they oughter be ashamed of themselves." They had a try at cutting out the cigarettes. What a hope. One wondered just what these sort of people thought war really was. Clearly they hadn't the least conception of hardships suffered by all ranks during the winter. Never mind the dangers that one connects with war. Simply the wet and the cold. It was horrible and the more one thinks the more one admires these splendid chaps who cursed and groused but as the same time stuck to the job and determined to stick there until it was finished. One would expect them to be gloomy and morose amidst all his wretchedness. Not a bit of it. We still could laugh at questionable stories .. still had with us that blessed sense of humour that makes all the difference. A civilian simply cannot grasp this. Cannot imagine a man, soaked to the skin, lousy, cold and tired, still able to grin as he remarks that the first seven years are the worst. We never said our prayers. It seemed that under such conditions one troubled very little about the immortal part of man. Blasphemy was general. Church-goers would consider us to be lost souls. Rats. We were playing a big part in a big thing

and playing it well too. That's all that mattered. Men were men. Human sympathy meant something to us. Amongst this godless crew one found what many of the "Faithful" lacked. Charity and Understanding. Men possessing these qualities are not lost for they have found the two very best things in life. War was a nuisance. Dashed unpleasant but it was teaching us to find ourselves. Laugh as much as you like. I shall always maintain that the experiences over-seas did us more good than harm. But I'm preaching again. Sorry.

Rumours.

Being soldiers you will readily understand the importance of rumours in military circles. These are the things that make life worth living. We are told and scoff at the news, but, deep down in our hearts is the hope that they may be true. Johnson tells of what he heard was being done with the rest of the brigade. All give him the haha, although the majority hope his information is correct. Christmas came to the accompaniment of hundreds of wild reports. It was almost certain that the K.E.H. were shortly leaving us for parts unknown but what was to become of us was wrapped in mystery. We, of "Seeley's Circus" might be sent anywhere. Egypt was the popular belief. An optimistic few thought we would return to England for reorganization. It has been suggested that rumours first saw the light of day whilst men made themselves comfortable at the pleasant erection designed for that purpose but battles were won and lost, officers blessed or cursed in the home of the peasants who hung on to their miserable shacks not so much out of sentiments as the steady income derived from the sale of their detestable coffee. Speaking of these comfort stations. Funny, were they not? Those dug in the open, in full view to all who passed were most horribly embarrassing at first. Embarrassing until the discovery was made that the peasants of this delightful part of our there simply refused to be shocked at anything. All in the way one looks at it. We Britishers are a prudish race. Our chief desire seems to hide our human instincts under a cloak of whatever would people think if they knew we were normal, while these peasants just live their own lives. Do what they think right regardless of others. Somehow or other this seems to shock us. Lord knows why. We consider them ra-

FORCED DOWN HERE



Navigator Phil. Wood (left) and Pilot C. A. "Duke" Schiller in front of their trans-atlantic monoplane "Royal Windsor" near St. Johns, Que.

ther bold. How ridiculous. All a case of latitude, atmosphere or general use. It took me a long time to use one of these places I'm talking about, in daylight. It seemed such a loss of dignity. Dignity, if you please and me a buck in the rear rank. Quickly, however, did this embarrassment wear off and without a blush could purchase chocolate from an enterprising peasant woman whilst performing a necessary function hit herto considered particularly private. These peasants were a queer lot. We treated them decently paid well for their beastly coffee yet they never seemed able to consider us anything but a poor sort of a lot. One filthy old girl in particular who lived just above Westhof Farm tired of showing us her partially for the Germans in spite of the fact that they sometimes forgot to pay for what they consumed. With all that we continued to trade with her. These are they whom we commend for sticking to their little homes. Rats this was not sentiment .. just money.

A few of 'em were half decent although all were dirty. There was a place up at Kemmel absolutely the giddy limit, almost too much for such hardened sinners as ourselves. The people, the house and the utensils offended our nostrils frightfully. Suppose you wonder why we made use of so unsavoury a place. I wonder myself, now. You see we did not really need this additional refreshment for rations were quite good and plentiful. Just the



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same, all these people did roaring trade. Strange.

The ignorance of these people regarding Canada was stupendous. None had the foggiest idea of its location. One old duck asked me once if it was near Servia. Then again they could not seem to grasp the size of the country. To them we were all extremely wealthy. Suppose that is why they soaked us so persistently. It must be remembered that whenever I speak of the people of France and Belgium I refer to the peasantry, for it was the only class with which we came into close contact. Those

ducks up in the Kemmel district were nothing to write home about. They were admired by some for carrying on under such distressing conditions, but the women work just as hard in times of peace. These women are heavy, slovenly and ignorant. No trouble for them to remain "good." Easy when there are no temptations. These found themselves singularly free from the pitfalls that waylay the attractive little bits of fluff. Here were good honest women whom we should admire. Personally, I could not. They were there, that's all. It was convenient to sit in their cottages, drinking that vile muck passing for coffee or gorging on fried eggs and chip potatoes. Certainly did we pay for the privilege. What did we care? At that time we were in receipt of 15 Francs every other week. Some wealth, eh, what? There's some excuse for the people of England thinking us well off

Canadian soldiers landed with at least 10 pounds in his pocket which he disbursed royally. Here, in Flanders were we always on the brink of bankruptcy yet we were thought wealthy. For this reason did they soak us. Speaking generally I did not like this people. In England they were thought splendid for hanging on to their country. It does sound splendid when regarded from the distance of a few hundred miles. Not so splendid when you are right in the thick of it. Think, myself that patriotism played no part in this sticking to things. These people were making a very good thing out of the war. Wherever soldiers located there also flourished young departmental stores under the control of the heroic people of the country. Trade always was brisk upon a strictly cash basis. Most certainly did they do themselves well. Good luck to 'em. Personally I do not blame them a bit but do not for goodness sake, marvel, at their courage. This applies in the main to those who

stayed right up almost in the firing line. Kemmel, Dickiebusch and all those choice spots around the salient. Those who in England or Canada read in the press of this tenacity of the people of Flanders could not but admire the spirit, but we who were privileged to get behind the scenes could not see it in quite the same light. To most of us this sticking to things was purely mercenary. Just the same let us hope we were wrong in this supposition. Let us think them noble in their loyalty and wholeheartedly condemn the writer for his distorted impression of the situation. Hats off to those dirty old ducks up at Kemmel. They're all right. Me it is who is wrong. Happened to be in this village during a rather heavy bombardment. As always the people flew to their cellars. In the rush one little toddler had been overlooked. She stood crying in the centre of the street. Too frightened to move. Pulling her into a doorway I remained until the termination of the show. Parents are supposed to do surprising things in the effort to protect their young. These were not in that category for as soon as the shelling was over they came, claimed, scolded and slapped the child, bore her away

without thanking me, and immediately resumed the noble action of producing fried potatoes for hungry soldiers. Glorious spirit. Splendid if you do not regard it as the height of folly. Yes, perhaps you are right. Suppose I am a wee bit cynical. Let's talk of something else.

I remember but very little of the first Christmas in Flanders outside the fact that there was plenty to eat and drink and that many fights occurred during the day. This was curious indeed. Speaking generally there was practically no discord amongst the chaps. Several were staged that day however and a couple of the boys found themselves under arrest in consequence. Too much free beer was the most probable cause of this diversion from the straight and narrow path. Unless I am very much in error fancy, the most of us were on working party that night. All in the game. Sundays passed almost unnoticed unless there happened to be a church parade. These things were the bane of my existence. Of all the farcical proceedings on this soldiering game nothing can approach the futility of this compulsory church parade.

(To be continued)

The Twenty-four Hours' Mutiny.

By Lieut. W. H. Williams, A.E.C.

(In the 4/7th Dragoon Guards Magazine.)

Sialkot 9th 10th July, 1857.

A pathetic little cemetery lies at the foot of the Fort in Sialkot City bearing witness to the very wide extent in rank of those few who were killed as the result of the mutiny which broke out among the Indian troops in the Cantonment on the early morning of the 9th July, 1857. The graves are only eight in number, and contain the remains of Brigadier General Frederick Brind, C.B., commanding the Brigade, Captain W. L. M. Bishop, Brigade Major, Captain J. E. Sharpe, Commissary Officer, Dr. James Graham, M.D., Superintending Surgeon, Dr. John Colin Graham, M.D., Civil Surgeon, Reverend T. Hunter, M.A., Church of Scotland Mission, Mrs. T. Hunter and baby, and Hospital Sergeant Nulty.

At the beginning of 1857, the following troops were quartered in Sialkot Cantonment under the command of Brigadier-General F. Brind: British—The 52nd Light Infantry, a Troop of Horse Artillery (Col. Dawes,) a Battery of

Field Artillery (Captain Bouchier,) a total of about 900 all ranks. Indians—25th Native Infantry (Major Drake,) 46th Native Infantry (Col. Farquharson) and the 9th Bengal Cavalry (Col. Campbell,) making a total of about 2,200 all ranks.

As will be remembered the Indian Mutiny broke out at Meerut on 10th May, 1857. In pursuance of the Government policy of withdrawing all British troops from scattered and outlying stations, the British units were sent to join General John Nicholson's Flying Column which was based on Amritsar to intercept any mutineers trying to reach Delhi from the north and west.

Sir John Lawrence intimated that he could not hold the newly formed Punjab Government responsible for the safety of the families remaining in Sialkot Cantonment, and offered the hospitality of Lahore Fort to those British residents who wished to avail themselves of such protection, in the event of the mutiny spreading to the Native troops left in the station.

Very few took advantage of this offer. It was known before this that disaffection was rife among the troops, but every hope was entertained that the British Officers would succeed in maintaining the loyalty of the Natives in their regiments. So confident was the Brigadier, that no steps were taken even to disarm the troops as had been done in other stations in the Punjab. As a precautionary measure, however, the rendez-vous in case of emergency was changed from the military detention barracks, to the old fort of Sardar Teja Singh in the City, and into this fort the Treasury was quietly moved. Provisions and other preparations were established by the Deputy Commissioner (Mr. Monkton) in case it would be found necessary to house any refugees from the Cantonment. At the same time a Sikh Levy of two hundred men of the district was raised and trained for protective purposes.

The mutiny of the troops at Jhelum, and the capture by them of a piece of artillery made it more than certain that an outbreak would occur at Sialkot.

It is generally thought that the moving spirit whose influence led to the actual outbreak among the native troops in Sialkot was one Harmat Khan. This man was a renowned swordsman, of hefty build and strong. He had been employed as professional flogger at the Sialkot District Jail, but had been discharged by Mr. Monkton owing to a quarrel with a Court Clerk about a woman. This man was mainly instrumental in fanning the embers into a perfect blaze at 4 a.m. on the 9th July. The British Officers rushed to their lines to try and restore some sort of order, but it was impossible. The Cavalry fanatically rode through the station, killing every white man they could, and sparing none of their own who dared to oppose them. After releasing the prisoners from the jail, looting what remained of the Treasury, sacking the shops in the Suddar Bazar, burning the Courts and blowing up the Artillery Magazine, the mutineers marched out of the station at about 5 p.m. that evening leaving it in ruins.

It is impossible in this short account to give any detail of the privations and hardships undergone by the British folk during the awful twenty-four hours following the outbreak or of the narrow escapes which many had in reaching the safety of the fort. Just a few incidents may suffice to bring home to those who generally con-

fine their reading of the Indian Mutiny to Meerut, Delhi, Cawnpur and Lucknow, the fact that the smaller outlying stations suffered equally as severely as the larger garrisons during that grossly ill-advised and misguided rising of the soldiery of the Indo-Gangetic Plain — men who had hitherto and have since given evidence of the great benefits resulting from British influence in India.

Brigadier-General Brind at this time lived in what is now known as No. 119 bungalow. He had risen early and was discussing plans following on the knowledge that the troops at Jhelum had mutined, when suddenly a shot passed through his window. He immediately ordered his horse and rode out among the mutineers. A shot from a troopers' carbine entered his back near the spine. He drew his pistol to retaliate, when he found that the charges had been teacherously withdrawn—this was afterwards discovered to be the work of his Khansamah—but he managed to ride the trooper down and to break his jaw with the butt-end of the weapon. Meanwhile he was getting weaker, and only just managed to sit his horse as far as the fort. He died twelve hours later in great agony.

The General's Khansamah was another of the principal figures in the mutiny in Sialkot. He assisted in organising the rising of the 9th Cavalry, and encouraged all the officers' servants to render their masters defenceless by stealing their swords and by withdrawing the charges from their pistols. He it was who took the Cantonment time-gun and worked it fairly successfully during the subsequent campaign against the Flying Column.

Captain W. L.M. Bishop lived in the bungalow now used as the Cantonment Executive Office. He and his wife drove towards the fort. The carriage got as far as the spot now occupied by the city railway station, after a desperate race with some of the troopers of the 9th Cavalry, when it overturned. He was shot down while his wife just managed to reach the fort on foot.

Dr. J. C. Graham was a comparatively young man—only thirty years of age, and recently married. He and his wife were driving towards the fort when he was shot from behind. The shock proved too much for Mrs. Graham, and she only survived him for a short time.

Dr. James Graham would undoubtedly have escaped but he and his daughter tarried too long in their preparations for departure

Two sowars coming up close to their carriage shot him through the body. Miss Graham blamed herself entirely for the death of her father, which might not have occurred had she spent less time over her toilet that morning.

And so the story goes on. Much more could be told. Each of the some eighty to a hundred European residents in the station at the time underwent his or her individual hardship in the mid-summer heat of that eventful 10th July, 1857, and many are the letters and records still in existence which speak of the courage and fortitude displayed in the face of an almost impossible situation.

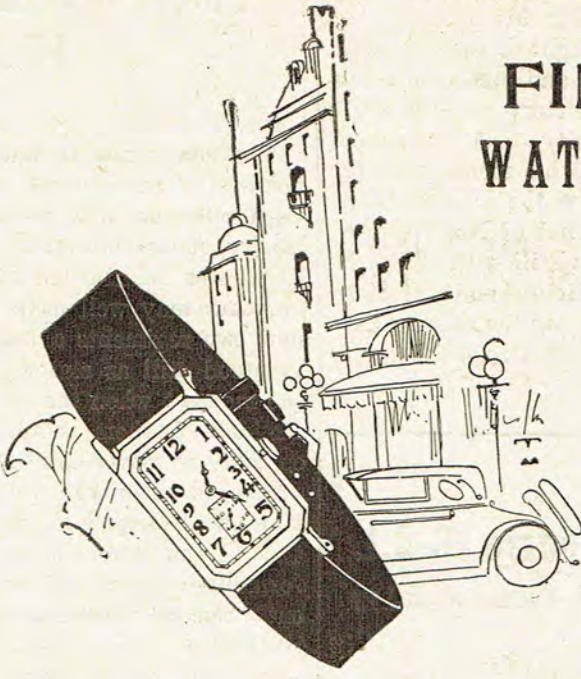
We must take our hats off to an English drummer boy who dashed off on the morning of the 9th July on a bazar pony and rode straight into Lahore chartering fresh ponies in every village through which he rode. The authorities in Lahore apprised General Nicholson. The mutineers had made off in the direction of the Ravi River towards Gurdaspur with the object of eventually reaching the mutineers' headquarters at Delhi by a circuitous route avoiding Lahore. They crossed the Ravi at Trimmun Ghat, nine miles from Gurdaspur. General Nicholson meanwhile moved

out from Amritsar and by marching forty miles in twenty-four hours, came up with the rebels at about 2 p.m. on the 12th July. During the action which lasted until the 15th July, very few of the mutineers escaped death, meet retribution being extended to the General's Khansamah.

Harsh and stern measures were taken against the surviving mutineers. Most of the goods and chattels were afterwards recovered from the surrounding villages. In ten days the Cantonments were pronounced safe enough for the return of those who still were coupled up in hiding in the few houses and in the fort during those anxious days.

The end of Harmat Khan is interesting. He had escaped into the mountains north of Jammu. In July, 1862 a stranger arrived in a village near Sialkot to fetch the wife of one Fazla for a "Harmat Shah." The headman of this village knew this woman for the one that Harma Khan had quarrelled about five years before. The headman consequently informed the police. A party was sent out, and Harmat Khan was found hiding in a hut near the city of Jammu. He put up a brave fight, keeping forty men at bay for three hours.

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Eventually a sword cut across his loins resulted in his death. His body was brought to Sialkot, identified on oath and buried in a Mohamedan cemetery on the south side of the city. A monument was erected to his memory by the Mohamedans of the Suddar Bazar in the compound of No. 105 bungalow—this is still visited by devotees with lights and offerings who, not knowing the facts believe it to be the tomb of some martyr or saint.

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The Presentation of Standards to the Household Cavalry.

The ceremonial in truth bore a complexion which was little else than religious, with its sheer simplicity, its solemnity, its moments of almost painful silence. The onlooker may well have wondered how two regiments of eager cavalry stood still as statues, awaiting the moment when the tones of the National Anthem should announce that the Sovereign had left his palace to meet and to greet his Household Brigade. The inspection of the ranks was no mere formality: the King would evidently remind himself of what stuff the men are made who at all times serve close to his person, except when he bids them go afield and speak with the enemy without the gates.

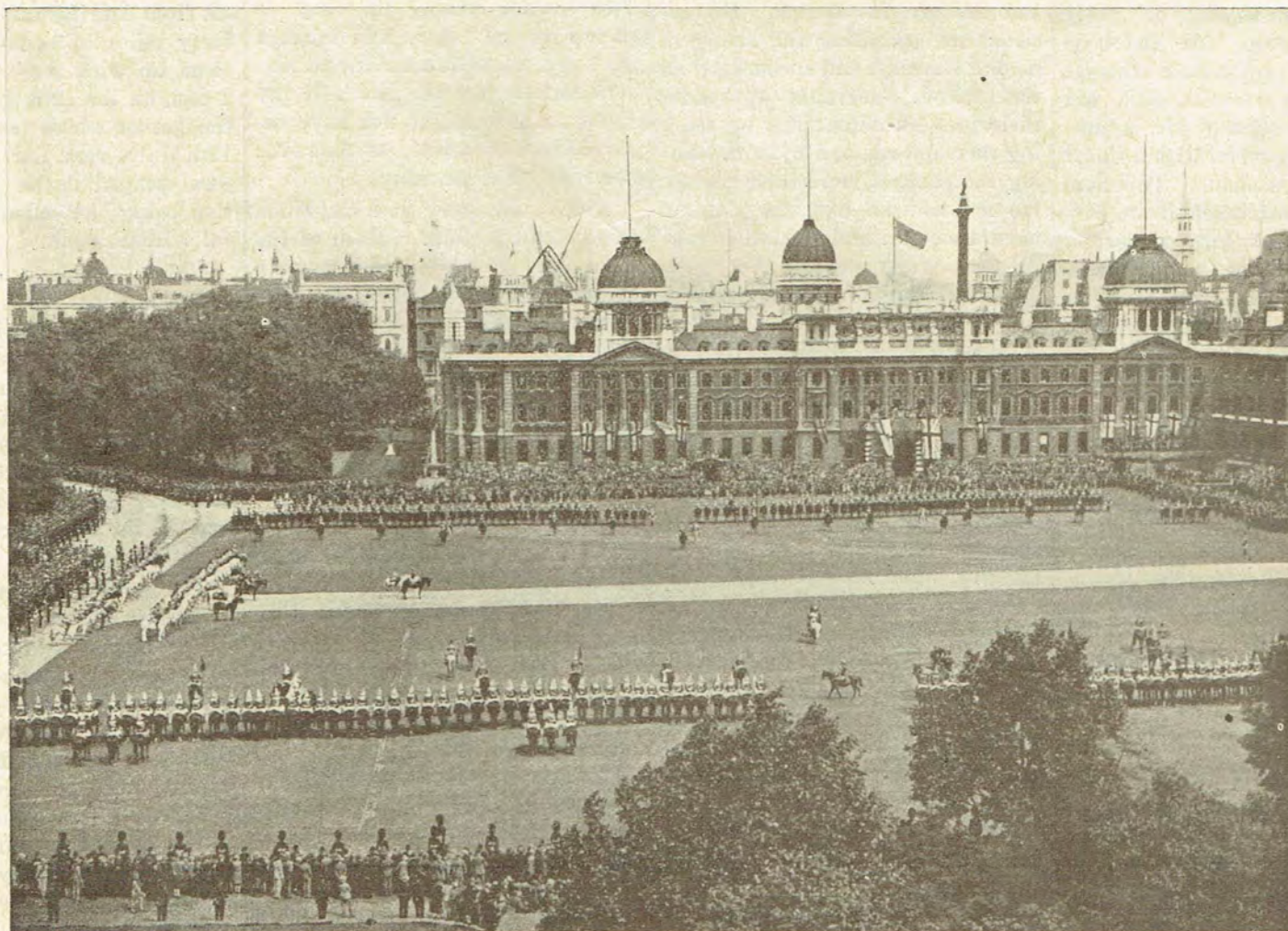
Then slowly the golden lions trooped down the ranks of the regiments which had served them, until the strains of "Auld Lang Syne"—perhaps some of us had never realized how heart-gripping "Auld Lang Syne" can be—waited them from the parade. For the last time they dipped in salute—

every precious honour plain to read—then disappeared under the dark arches they knew so well, to appear no more.

Now all eyes turn to eight new glories of crimson and gold, on a pile of massive silver, with the gold titles of the Household Cavalry achievements more than doubled by the battles of the Great War. One could see them gleaming in the glowing folds: Mons with men giving ground grudgingly, terrible in retreat; Marne, the decisive battle of the war; Ypres, exhausted, tattered khaki, clinging on grimly in bleeding but unbroken line; Arras, the Household Battalion with its true answer to the parent corps; Hindenburg line, Guards machine guns rattling defiance in the name of the Household Brigade. Then there floated on the morning breeze the reverent prayer: that the standards "may never be unfurled save in the cause of justice and righteousness and that God may make them to be, to those who follow them a sign of His presence

with them in all dangers and distresses": and so to the culminating point. Each standard is touched by His Majesty in token of presentation, and they are committed to the care of the regiments who receive them. "Now come, if you dare," rang out the music in challenge. With the "Walk and trot past in columns of half squadrons, the new standards, for the first time, head their followers on parade and for the first time they are lowered in homage to the King.

The ceremony, whose brevity is not the least of its beauties, is over, and it only remains for the august Colonel in Chief to place himself at the head of his troops, lead them along the Mall lined with loyal folk, and draw rein at his palace gates, to watch salute of the day. Here came an unrehearsed effect—perhaps little noticed by the chronicler, but to which the historian may turn as he dwells on the stability of the British throne. Whether by accident or design, the King rode far ahead of his whole cortege; a solitary figure, superbly mounted, unescorted, unattended, unaccompanied. Princes and high officers and the flower of his Army were at his call, but he rode alone. Other Monarchs may need protection where crowds assemble,



[Photo: Sport & General Press Agency, Ltd.]

The Presentation of Standards to the Household Cavalry.—June 25th 1927.

the King of England needs only the security which comes in answer to his people's cry, "God save the King." And, lastly when the glowing colours of the occasion have faded from mind, and the last echoes of the music have died away altogether, and the gorgeous pageantry is only a thing of memory, there will remain the Sovereign's message, delivered in quiet confidence and utter trust. "I am sure that in the years to come you and those who follow you will tread the same level of excellence and carry high the standards emblazoned with honours won in your country's cause; and these, as your Sovereign and Colonel in chief, I am proud to present to you."

G.A.

(In the Household Brigade Magazine.)

Handy Words

He: "See that man over there? He's a bombastic ass, a vacuous nonentity, a conceited humbug, a parasite, and an encumbrance to the earth."

She: "Would you mind writing that down? You see, he's my husband, and I should like to use it on him sometimes." Tit-Bits.



R.C.D.'s passing Petawawa River during manoeuvres.

The Remaking of Modern Armies*

Search for Mobility

Military thought and consequent military action is apt to move in cycles through the centuries. The principles of war never change, but the manner of their application varies with each great leader of armies in the field. But in the spaces of time which intervene between these relatively rare commanders of the first rank there are lapses into a pedantry, inspired by the very successes of the past. Those arrangements of strategical

and tactical principles which have served to bring victory in one generation are often accepted as the proper means of attaining military success in the next generation. Such a belief is fallacious. There it, it is true, nothing new in war; yet each war is a new war with a fresh series of problems and a fresh arrangement of the old. Each war should be approached with an open mind. Plans of operations preparatory for war are essential, but the best of them are apt to be upset by an enemy who refuses to play his allotted part in the pre-arranged scheme. Each war provides lessons—military history is itself a mass of lessons—but they are general rather than particular.

The intelligent study of these lessons helps the soldier to avoid the danger of a backward drift in the stagnation of peace which always follows a long and arduous war. At such times the rousing of vivid debate is specially desirable. Debate may provoke anger, but it will certainly provoke thought, without which progress cannot be made. Captain Liddell Hart has for some years held a place in the first rank of those capable of rousing debate, not all of it placid, and in his latest work, "The Remaking of Modern Armies," he is definitely provocative.

The main object of the book is to suggest means for the restoration of "moving warfare" and the mo-

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bility essential to successful operations in the field. He believes that siege warfare—he calls it “trench warfare”—began and was maintained in France because the means of defence had “acquired a material preponderance over the means of offence,” or in other words, that the machine-gun dominated the battlefields. Yet it may be argued that siege warfare began with the digging of temporary trench lines made necessary by weakness. Thus the Expeditionary Force was forced to dig in because of the weight of attack made upon it. In their turn the enemy had to dig in as the tide of war swept back. With the extension of the trench system from Switzerland to the sea a state of siege warfare prevailed, and the problem should have been recognised. Our slow progress on the Western Front was mainly due to the endeavour of the British Higher Command to achieve victory against fortified positions by the employment of the methods of a war of manoeuvre. But none will quarrel with Captain Liddell Hart's statement that the machine-gun dominated the battlefields.

He believes that the tank or tankette provides the answer to the machine-gun and the key to a new mobility, and he is not impressed by those who hold that “the scheme of tank-proof localities,” the split trail for field guns and 5 inch machine-guns, supply adequate antidotes to the tank. The accuracy of shooting against tanks in experiments, at Larkhill was he says, low—one hit in 22 rounds—and he uses the good argument that if anti-tank gunnery fail to obtain great results under peace conditions it is even less likely to be effective in the stress of war. But the tank would also suffer from “battle factors.” He speaks of the volume of fire from attacking tanks, but every experiment made so far goes to prove that the accuracy of such fire is much lower than is that of the infantry, machine-gunners and artillery. The dread of the Juggernaut may be high, but it may not be sufficient to demoralise the less mobile defensive forces before they have been able to attain a superiority over attacking tanks. At sea it is axiomatic that ships cannot attack effectively a well defended land position. The same rule may well apply to the tank, which fulfills many of the functions of ships. The tank is a land ship working, generally, under greater difficulties than armed vessels on the high seas.

The role of infantry is necessa-

rily reduced if his theory of tank action is accurate. It will no longer be the vital core of the land forces. He says: “War experience and post-war exercises have established beyond doubt the senile decay of infantry in its traditional form.” Therefore he proposes that a reduction should be made in the proportion of infantry and the conversion of the balance of the infantry into mobile machine-gun units and “land-marines.” He supports the French view of 1920 (a view which is now fading) that fighting strength must be counted in automatic weapons and not in rifles and, with that opinion, has a very interesting chapter on the “Mounted infantry of the future,” infantry operating in armoured two-man tanks such as the Martel and the Carden-Loyd, and imitating in the newer world the military methods of the man-at-arms, who, in his day provided the maximum of mobility, and weight combined with personal protection. He makes out a good case, but he does not explain or even mention the probable action of the enemy. If one is to assume that tanks and tankettes will operate only against infantry or cavalry will operate only against infantry or cavalry then his conclusions may be sound. But is it not probable that in future war tank will engage tank, and that we shall see some simulation on land of naval tactics at sea? What part will the aeroplane take in the defence against or the attack on tanks? In earlier days aircraft might bomb troops in the field and columns on the march and might, in bombing inflict heavy damages, but with well-trained troops and the powers of dispersion inherent in cavalry and infantry they could not ensure disaster. The same effort directed against a mechanically-propelled force and against tanks and tankettes might well be decisive. There would be too many eggs in too few baskets.

Captain Liddell Hart's arguments in regard to tanks and their employment are worthy of close study, for none as yet knows the future of armoured vehicles on land. If they are to be invincible as is argued, then Captain Liddell Hart's statement that “the battle-field supremacy of such machines (the mass production tankette) implies the political supremacy of the great industrial nations whose civil motor industry has the capacity, to swamp a rival army by a vast output at short notice,” has reason in support, though he makes no provision for the training of the necessary personnel.

In the space available it is impossible to examine the whole of the principles and suggestions set forward and made by Captain Liddell Hart. He deals in turn with the Napoleonic fallacy—the Clausewitz principle—that the national object in war can only be gained by decisive battle and the destruction of the main mass of the enemy forces, with the armament and drill of infantry (here he proposes a substitution of movement in depth for the movement in line) with the leadership of armies (in which he supports the theory that the vigour of youth is essential, or almost essential, to successful leadership in war) with the post-war doctrines of Germany and France and with the French Army of today. All of it is excellent. One may not agree entirely, but in each provocative suggestion there are hidden many ideas which are worthy of test. There is a somewhat feeble chapter on economy in the Army, feeble because the author does not appear to be convinced himself of the virtues in the system of military accountancy introduced after the war and abolished in 1925.

No review limited by a few short columns of space could deal quite fairly with Capt. Liddell Hart's book. It deserves the close attention of every soldier who retains an interest in his profession. It will provoke, it will annoy, and it may not be sound in many of its theories, but the search for refutations of, or of proofs of, its many suggestions will at least serve in the production of useful ideas, and the spread of careful thought on matters of vital importance to his Majesty's Army. I propose to deal in greater detail at a later date with some of the proposals made in this thoughtful book.

W. E. de B. Whittaker.

(In the Army Navy and Air force Gazette.)

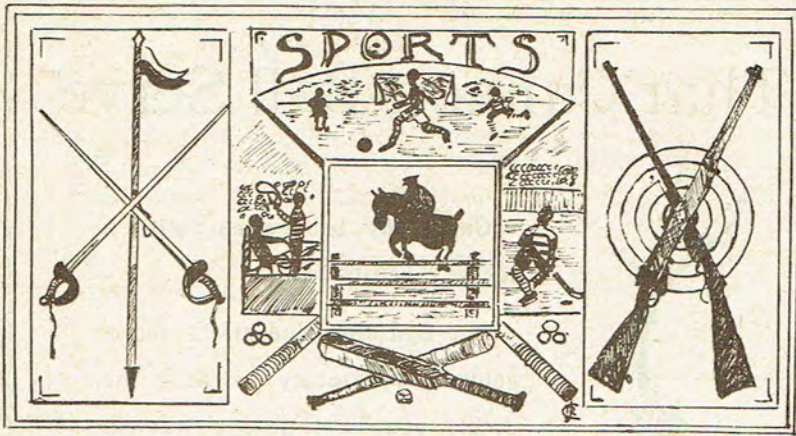
***The Remaking of Modern Armies." By Captain B. H. Liddell Hart. xii+315 pp. John Murray. 10s. 6d. net.

The quartermaster did not want to give Private Jones a new pair of boots.

“The boots you've got are not worn out yet,” he growled.

“Not worn out?” cried Jones in amazement. “Why the soles are so thin that if I tread on a sixpence I can tell whether it's heads or tails!”

About all a flapper has to do now when she gets ready to retire and wants to undress, is to sneeze.



PETAWAWA SPORTS

In the races held at Petawawa Camp, August 27th, the following places were gained by the R.C.D.

Steeplechase open. to. N.C.O.'s. 6 furlongs.

1st—Sgt. Rowe, "B" Sqn. on B.9

2nd—Sgt. Harris. "A" Sqn. on A.2

3rd—Cpl. Green. "A" Sqn. on A.48.

Flat race-open, 150 lbs.—4 furlongs.

3rd Tpr. Hilder. "A" Sqn. on A.47.

Flat race-(recruits under 12th months' service) 4 furlongs.

1st Tpr. Yoxall, "A" Sqn. on A.35.

2nd Tpr. Robinson "A" Sqn. on A.31.

6th Bde. Artillery Cup (of ficers. 170 lbs.)

3rd Capt. Drury, "B" Sqn. on B.12.



Finish of the V.C. Race, Petawawa Camp.

Art Is Long

"Have you heard about George?" asked Oscar Whipple.

"Sure," I said, "he landed a job with the government. making steel engravings for the Treasury Department, wasn't it?"

"Yes," Oscar answered. "That's what he worked at for a while, but now he's working on the rock pile in Portsmouth."

"Good Lord," I exclaimed.

"Poor old George! What in heaven's name did he do?"

"Well," said Oscar, "George liked engraving all right, but he didn't like doing it for the government, so he started in business for himself."

Archer: "Do you believe a rabbit's foot brings good luck?"

Arrow: "Rather! My wife found one in my pocket once and thought it was a mouse."

Right, Clancy!

Hogan was tired of the city and wanted to move out to the great open spaces, where men are men and all that sort of thing. Accordingly, he sought information.

"Clancy," he said, "ye've taken a homestead, so ye know all about it. Will ye be tellin' me th' law about it?"

"Well, you see," said Clancy judiciously, "I'm not rememberin' the letter of the law, but here's what it amounts to. The guv'ment is willin' to bet ye wan hundred an' sixty acres of land ag'in fourteen dollars that ye can't live on it five years without starvin' to death."

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We also wish to impress on our readers that their cooperation in the support of these firms (who make possible this splendid connecting-link) is necessary if we are to continue.

A Brief Sketch of the Development of the Canadian Militia, 1627-1927.

By Major-General J. H. MacBrien, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., p.s.c.
(In the Canadian Defence Quarterly.)

A description of the origin and growth of the Militia organization in Canada will be given in this article as well as an account of the conditions of service during the several periods into which the history of the country naturally divides itself.

The building up of this Dominion has involved several wars of varying magnitude. From the time of their earliest settlements, the inhabitants of New France were engaged in a ceaseless struggle with the savage Indian tribes as well as with the forces of nature. The existence of the pioneers rested upon their instant readiness and ability to defend themselves from the attacks of the red men.

It was in 1627 that the first foundation of the Militia was laid by an enactment which required all males to assist in the defence of Port Royale. Nine years later all male inhabitants at Quebec were enrolled as a Militia and required to perform military service as might be necessary.

The feudal system which developed during the French regime gave the Militia its territorial or-

ganization. The Seigneurs were the Colonel and held their land from the King, while the Censitaires, or small holders, formed the rank and file. So, gradually, the Militia was organized into districts under their Seigneurs, with a Captain to assist each Seigneur.

During the period 1600-1760 there were three classes of troops in New France:

(a) Regular regiments from France;

(b) Colony Troops, organized locally, which became permanent garrisons, and may be regarded as the forerunners of the present Permanent Force. Strength—3,000 which is exactly the same as our Permanent Force to-day.

(c) The Militia troops as described above.

The system of compulsory service in the Militia brought home to the inhabitants the realities and responsibilities of citizenship. It produced a remarkable standard of efficiency which assisted greatly in maintaining the French power in North America for nearly 200 years.

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Dealers Everywhere

France engaged had their counterparts in the New World where they often continued after the home lands had composed their differences. In 1760, when the Union Jack replaced the Fleur-de-Lys, a short respite from war was enjoyed, but soon British and French joined in 1764 in an Indian War known as "Pontiac's Conspiracy." The fine and efficient battalion of Voyageurs was a notable contribution on the part of the French, for otherwise, after the change of flags, the French Militia practically ceased to function.

During the period 1775-1867 British and French Canadians joined to defend British North America against the United States. At first, the French Canadians had a natural tendency to avoid entanglement in the revolution of the English colonists. Nevertheless, they were conspicuous in the defence of St. Johns (Que.) and of Quebec. The loss of Quebec probably would have resulted in the loss of Canada. Happily, Quebec was held and the invasion of the rebels repelled. Sir Guy Carleton played an important part in the defence of Quebec and was successful in securing the confidence of the French Cana-

dians.

The origin of the English speaking Militia dates from the period of the Revolutionary War. British inhabitants who had settled in the country after its conquest in 1760, formed a Militia battalion which assisted in the defence of Quebec. After the United States gained their so-called liberty over 50,000 United Empire Loyalists moved northward and settled in the several British North American provinces. Many of them had fought actively on the British side. From this time the chief military preoccupation of the British North American provinces was their defence against the United States until after Confederation in 1867 when the restlessness of our neighbours ceased as far as disturbing the peace of Canada was concerned.

In 1791, the province of Upper Canada (now Ontario) was constituted and one of its first acts provided for a Militia force in which all males between 16 and 50 had to enrol. (The age limit was soon raised to 60.) Regiments were allotted to districts and battalions to counties. By 1812, the organization had been extended and consisted of active units known as flank companies with a reserve

or sedentary force in the form of service companies. To-day, our Active Militia replaces the flank companies, and the Reserve Militia the sedentary force.

Up to Confederation, the chief task of the Militia was to assist the British regular troops in defending British North America against the United States. From 1812-1815, there was actual war with many threats of it at other times. The requirement of universal service by the inhabitants would have enabled the country to put into the field every able-bodied man who could be spared, had sufficient arms and equipment been available.

The War of 1812 was a severe test for the Upper Canadian Militia and during the campaign it played an important role, rendering effective service to the British regular forces, notably at Detroit and Queenstown Heights. The French Canadians of Lower Canada proved just as ready as their fellow subjects in Upper Canada to meet the invaders, and four battalions of them were embodied in May, 1812, when war became imminent.

It is interesting to compare the systems of service at this period. The United States trusted mainly to a militia system with some stiffening of regulars. They raised 550,000 men, and of these, the 50,000 regulars gave the British more opposition than the half million irregulars. In the four British mainland provinces (Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick) universal service was general, and there were three classes of troops with a total strength of 100,000.

1. Regular troops from the British Isles;

2. Regular troops raised locally;

3. Militia units, consisting of flank companies and levies of able-bodied men.

The successful defence of the British provinces proved that the system of service was a wise and sound one for the condition prevailing at the time.

Following the War of 1812, the Militia deteriorated until 1837 and 1838 when the rebellions in the two Canadas gave evidence that it was too disorganized to be of much use. The rebellion in Lower Canada was crushed by regular troops, whilst 12,000 militiamen were assembled to put down the Mackenzie insurrection in Upper Canada.

After these rebellions, the provinces strengthened their militia laws because of the threat of war with the United States and the

filibustering expeditions from across the border known as the "Fenian Raids." These raids were one reason which hurried Confederation. Boundary disputes with the United States were a factor also in the improvement of the Militia.

Up to Confederation in 1866 it was generally accepted that the onus of defence rested primarily upon England. It was an obligation which the mother country freely acknowledged and the presence of considerable numbers of regular soldiers in garrison at Halifax, Fredericton, Quebec, Isle aux Noix, Bytown, Kingston, Toronto and other places, was evidence of this acknowledgment. Therefore, up to the present, the role of the Militia had been a subordinate one. The backward state of the country and limited financial resources prevented the local forces from being considered as a first line of defence.

During the Crimean war and Indian Mutiny, many regular British troops were withdrawn from British North America and one outcome was the organization in Canada (Quebec and Ontario) of a small volunteer force, which was required to drill annually up to a maximum of sixteen days. This force was at first limited to 5,000 but very soon, largely due to the threat of war arising out of the high-handed action of the Northern States in connection with the "Trent Affair" in 1816, it expanded to 35,000. The Fenian Raids of 1866, when Canada was wantonly invaded, served still further to increase its numbers. The successful inauguration of this Volunteer Militia had an important bearing on the future military policy of Canada for from it there springs our existing Active Militia.

In 1868, the first Militia Act of Confederated Canada continued the principle of liability of the male population to service but the only effective part of the organization was the Volunteer Militia. In 1870, the Fenians made their last raid and the Militia then had a strength of 43,000.

The Riel Rebellion occurred in 1870 in the North West. Sir Garnet Wolseley served in Canada for 9 years at this period and organized and led the column of 1,200 to relieve Fort Garry (Winnipeg). He afterwards said of the Canadian Militia:

"I was fully aware of the splendid material of which this force was constituted. The men are extremely handy and self-reliant; in fact, when well

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"trained they cannot be beaten as fighting soldiers. Their officers accustomed in civil life to think for themselves; their minds not dwarfed or trammelled by strict rules and regulations, were men after my own heart, and for the work before us they were certainly the best possible material. In parenthesis, may I say that, if wisdom ruled our councils upon military matters—it does so but seldom—we should employ a Canadian Division under their own officers in every serious war we undertake. Fortunate indeed

"will be the Commander-in-Chief who should have such a military force at his disposal in any war into which England may be forced."

His remarks are most interesting and prophetic in view of the record of Canadian troops in the Great War.

Gradually the task of defending itself devolved upon Canada through the necessity of relieving the British taxpayer, and Canada recognized its obligation to contribute to the utmost of its power towards its own defence from what ever quarter. So in 1870-1871, most of the remaining British units

were withdrawn.

The second Riel Rebellion of 1885 in Northwest Canada resulted in an arduous campaign conducted by Canadian troops for the first time without assistance from regulars. Over 6,000 troops were employed in three columns. The whole force was under General Middleton and the operations were entirely successful in putting down the rebellion.

From 1874 to 1904 various British General Officers Commanding Canadian Militia, as distinct from G.O.C. Troops in British North America, were appointed, and under their experienced direction, the Militia organization, equipment and training were greatly improved.

Permanent Corps were established, the Royal Military College opened, an Arsenal started at Quebec, Schools of Instruction commenced, and the forces took form as an army with some thought to proper proportion of arms and service.

The discussions and agreements arrived at at the twelve Imperial Conferences held since 1887 have been the means of improving immensely the Canadian Militia in respect to the higher military education of officers, organization according to modern requirements,

training upon common principles, etc.

The South African War was the first military test of the Empire's strength. This was the first time that Canadian troops were sent abroad to fight for the Empire, except for a detachment of Voyageurs enlisted for the Nile Expedition in 1884. In all, about 8,000 participated in the war and acquitted themselves creditably. Many lessons were learned and deficiencies discovered which served to improve still further the Canadian Militia before the supreme test came in 1914.

In 1904, a Militia Council was formed on the basis of the Army Council in England, and it took over the duties of the General-Officer Commanding in Chief and his staff.

The part which the Canadian Overseas Forces took in the Great War is well known, so there is no need to retell it here. That they did well was due to many reasons but none more important than—

(a) That most of the personnel of the early contingents, especially the officers, had had the advantage of training in the Canadian Militia;

(b) The wonderful guidance and assistance given to Canadian

troops before and during the early part of the Great War by experienced and gifted commanders and staff officers of the British service, until native sons of Canada became sufficiently experienced to lead their own troops and perform the necessary staff work.

Prior to the Great War, the Canadian Militia was improved immensely by officers such as Wolseley, Middleton, Herbert, Hutton, Dundonald, Lake, MacKenzie and Gwatkin. During the early part of the war General Alderson commanded the Canadians, and under him they achieved their first great success at the Second Battle of Ypres, when Lord French said Canadian troops saved the Channel ports. Lord Byng assumed command in May, 1916, and made a fine fighting corps of the four Canadian divisions as proven by the capture of Vimy Ridge. Then, Sir Arthur Currie led the Corps to its notable victories at Passchendaele, and during the last 100 days, including one of the most outstanding victories of the Great War—Amiens—effected in close co-operation with other British forces, Australian, New Zealanders and our allies, the French.

Since the Great War the Canadian

Militia has been reorganized so as to provide Signal and Machine Gun, as well as additional Artillery units. Gradually, the organization, equipment and training are being improved as increased Votes become available.

On January 1st, 1923, the Department of National Defence was officially established. The three services Naval, Militia and Air, are now included in the one department. The objects of this amalgamation were closer co-operation and economy. A Defence Council has replaced the Militia Council, Naval and Air Boards.

Disillusioned

"I'm getting up a little poker game, Major," invited the friend. "Would you like to join us?"

"Sir, I do not play poker."

"I'm sorry. I was under the impression that you did."

"I was once under that impression myself, sir."—The American Legion Monthly.

Mrs. Blanks: "You simply must stay with us; we're close to a beautiful old golf-course."

Visitor: "How old it is?"

"I'm not sure, but my husband can remember someone going round it in 69."



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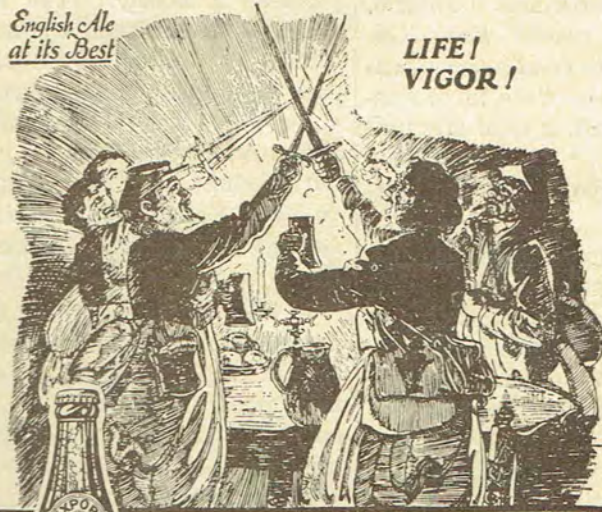
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